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THREE SENSES A FEW POEMS

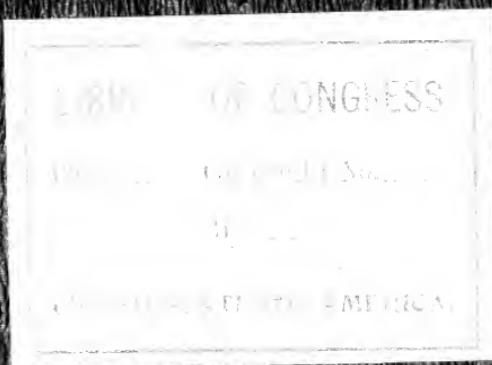
BY

CARL C COUNTRYMAN

Good Sense

Incense

Nonsense



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1898.

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THREE SENSES.

A FEW POEMS

BY

CARL C. COUNTRYMAN.

PART I—GOOD SENSE.

PART II—INCENSE.

PART III—NONSENSE.

PRESS OF BRINK & MASON,
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ALL OF WHICH IS DEDICATED TO MY FRIENDS—THE PEOPLE.

PART I—GOOD SENSE.

I HAIN'T GOT NO HOME.

I'm trav'lin' up and down
Through city an' through town,
I'm wandrin' here an' there
Like a soul that doesn't care
Where it's goin';
I'm hired out to travel
Fer my readin' an' recitin'
But where I'll be a-goin'
After readin' all my writin'
I'm not knowin',
Fer I
 hain't got
 no home.

The cyars ar' big an' fine
On the finest kind o' line,
The enjin's tough an' strong
To carry us along
To where we're pintin';
The cars are fixed for sleepin'
A-runnin' easy, swift an' light,
Their rollin' an' their rockin'
Make 'em of all earth's things jest right
To spend the night in
To the feller ez
 hain't got
 no home.

I see along the road
The farmers on a load
Of straw er hay er grain,
An' then I see again
Children playin';

I see the winders lighted,
Sometimes, when passin' in the night,
'N'I wonder if the children
A-kneelin' by the bright home light
Think of prayin'
Fur fellers ez
 hain't got
 no home.

I see the medders green,
The hosses slick an' clean,
An' mules an' pigs an' sheep,
'N'its mighty hard to keep
From eryin'
To see the colts a-jumpin'
An' the winter wheat a-wavin'
As if it had been thinkin'
An' its waves fur me ben savin';
It's tryin'
To a feller ez
 hain't got
 no home.

'N'I wanter get off there
An' hop inter a pair
O' boots an' jump an' run
An' hev a pile o' fun
An' foller
The cows home from the pascher
An' feed the pigs and sheep an' hosses,
Applause an' all hands clappin'
An' even gains ten times the losses
Ar' holler
To the feller ez
 hain't got
 no home.

I wanter go each day
An' dally 'long the way
From school, an' fear at home
Thet there'll be sure to come
A spankin';
An' chase the turkey gobblers
An' own an' name the chickins,
Not in my heart a-thinkin'
Of feelin' like the dickins
Nor rankin'
With fellers ez
hain't got
no home.

I wanter go an' play
An' mow the hay away
An' carry grain in sacks
An' pitch the wheat an' flax
'N'oats an' clover;
An' sit at home of evenin's
Eatin' corn an' nuts an' tellin'
Old stories, but all them things—
Playin', crackin' jokes an' yellin'—
Is all over
'N'I
hain't got
no home.

The hotels where I eat
Are neatest kind o' neat
With gas an' steam an' things,
An' elevator brings
You a-sudden
To any floor you're wantin';
Waiters too at meals an' plenty
Of grub in thirteen courses,

Pies an' cakes an' more than twenty
Kinds o' puddin'
To tempt the feller ez
 hain't got
 no home.

But what's the use o' food
No matter how so good
When you don't never feel
A-hungrin' for a meal
O' your vittles;
I wanter stop this livin',
Go back home an' hunt the cellar
Fur pies an' be a-havin'
Bowls o' soup hot for each feller
From the kittles;
Twould seem good to the feller ez
 hain't got
 no home.

An' when I'm old an' gray,
My life all gone away
An', sick with many ills,
Money gone for doctors' bills--
Me a-dyin'—
My frends will raise me money
Fur a place fur me to sleep in;
They'll ask "Where's he a-livin'?"
An' I'll hear some one a-weepin'
An' replyin'
He
 hain't got
 no home.

But when I'm dead an' gone
An' when I wake up on
A better, brighter shore,

Where death can be no more,
I'll be a-seein'
My mother's robe the whitest
An' I'll hear her softly sayin'
In tones the very sweetest,
I've ben watchin', too, an' prayin'
Fur you bein'
My boy that
 didn't hev
 no home.

Yes, when my knell is rung
An' when my dirge is sung
'N' I'm lyin' in the ground,
With dead folks all around
Me a-moldin',
My frends will raise me money—
Folks will quickly stop their fightin'—
An' build a modest tombstone,
On it they will be a-writin'
This is holdin'
A feller that
 didn't hev
 no home.

But he was good an' treu
An' honest all way through,
We're sure that he will stand
Where, in a better land,
Skies is meller ;
Fur he was surely worthy them things
An' so we'll stop our weepin'
A-trustin' that our former comrade
Who's now so sweetly sleepin'
Is a feller
Thet hez gone
 to his
 best home.

SOLD AN' GONE.

Sometimes when a feller, dad,
Is trav'lin' all aroun'
An' only stoppin' fur a day
Or so in any town,
Without a home where he can go,
Without home joys fur him to know;

With strangers all aroun' him, dad,
An' tho' they're kind enuff
They can't be jest what old frends is
Whose friendship's tried and tuff,
Who've known fur years him and his kin,
An' stood by them through thick an' thin.

Ah! when a feller's thus ways, dad,
The queerest feelin' creeps
Right up his back, sometimes, an' down,
An' then his old heart leaps
Up in his throat an' achin' comes
At seein' others in their homes.

It seems as if—if he could see
The old homestead again
An' wander 'round among the spots
In which he hasn't ben
Fur years, 'twould ease him of his pain
Ef he could see them sights again.

Fur there is always places, dad,
A feller wants to see,
May be a spring, may be a hill,
May be an old oak tree,
May be a place where he has played,
May be a grave in quiet shade.

I've wisht to see the old home, dad,
Fur many a long, long day,
An' thought of places on an' roun'
The farm so far away—
I've wisht to see the sights again
That I recall to mind so plain.

I've wisht to walk along the road
From town, an' think of what
Adventures fur us little kids
Had happened at each spot—
The swimmin' pools, the creek, the bridge,
The bluffs, the road along the ridge,

The fishin' places, rocks an' run—
The wat'rinn' place—an' stand
An' think of what took place there
When it was on our land,
An' 'cross the gully in the trees—
Tall oaks a-swayin' in the breeze—

You jest kin see the old home, dad,
An' I have thought so much
Thet when I got to that place, dad,
I'd stop an' let old thoughts an' such
Of childhood's times run through my head,
Mem'ries all of hours that's sped.

I've thought of how I'd wander roun'
An' stop along the way;
Why, here I fished an' here I swum
An' here I used to play
An' here I killed an old muskrat,
Here I did this, here I did that.

An' here's the cow paths in the woods,
Known but to Roll an' me,
An' here's the spring an' here's plum grove
An' here's the but'nut tree
An' here's the broad, flat roun'
That used to be our circus groun'.

I can't begin to tell you, dad,
The thoughts that cum to me—
What nooks an' paths an' dells an' groves
'Twould gladden me to see—
A thousand fancies swum before my eyes,
A thousand mem'ries such as never dies.

A thousand thoughts run through my head
Of what I'd do an' say,
Of where I'd go and when and how
When I should chance to stay
Aroun' the old farm that I was brought up on,
The dear old home of ourn that's sold an' gone.

* * * * *

I've been to see the old home, dad ;
When I stepped off the train
'Twas afternoon an' I was ast to stop
In town time an' again,
But though they tried with all their might,
I'll see the dear old home to-night.

An' then I walked along the road
An' saw the places where
I spoke of, but they ain't the same
As when us folks was there ;
They ain't the same an' yet they be,
They don't seem quite the same to me.

The bridge is moved four rods up stream,
The walnut tree's cut down—
The biggest, tallest tree it was
In all the country roun'—
An' Hamlin's run, where water flowed so cool
A-gurglin' down the rocks and made a pool

Right in the road, is filled up now,
A shute's put in, an' then
Right up the gully in plain sight
You see a slaughter pen
An' house, an' what was once wild-flower beds
Is strewed with cattle legs an' horns an' heads;

The wat'r'in' place ain't used no more,
An' where we used to pick
Our hazel nuts is cleared off now,
An' where they were so thick
Corn an' pertaters grow, an' here I stand.
But can't jest make it seem like our land.

The house an' barn are much the same—
Some trees are cut away,
The spring's dried out, the paths grown up,
But look what side I may
I can't see much of any change—
An' yet it's strange—it's all so strange.

The barn is there, though painted brown,
The house has got a stoop
Aroun' the south side now. I can't
Tell why my spirits droop,
An' yet they do; I'm not to blame—
The same—the same—yet not the same.

I climb the hill an' wander off
The way we went to school,
An' grit my teeth an' stop my tears—
Don't say, dad, I'm a fool—
It ain't the old home I've ben on;
The old home's sold—yes, sold an' gone.

Yes, sold an' gone, an' dead an' gone,
An' all I've left is thoughts
An' names an' mem'ries dear an' sweet
About all previous spots.
It ain't the old home I've ben on,
The old home's sold—*yes, sold an' gone.*

THE WORK OF GOD.

Ah, how illustrious is he
Who, in the face of destiny,
Pursues an upright course ;
Who boldly throttles fate's decree,
And makes an opportunity
 What others make a curse.

Who sorely is with choler pent—
Mayhap with baser passions rent—
 And fiery, untamed mood ;
Yet curbs his fury till 'tis spent,
And turns his soul's unworthy bent
 To work his noblest good.

Or who, though poor and lowly born,
Exposed to cursed, unrighteous scorn
 Of all the world beside,
In no wise deems himself forlorn,
But bravely makes his feelings, torn,
 Expel unholy, godless pride.

Or he, who sprung from those untaught—
Almost without the gift of thought—
 Becomes a learned man ;
And, when the noble fight is fought,
Enjoys the boon that toil hath bought
 In earth's most cultured clan.

Or he who, born to vice and crime,
In lowest depths of moral slime,
 And like the earthy clod,
Relieves himself of grievous grime,
And learns, in acts and thoughts sublime,
 To honor Christ and God.

He who has all this duty done
Makes, with his course so nobly run,
 The world to understand
With self-control—a virtue won—
Of all the creatures 'neath His sun
 God's greatest work is man.

ODE THREE.

Were I to choose, dear Berta, a husband for you,
I'd seek a man brave, tender, devoted and true.
'Twould not be 'mid proud fashion's bold pomp and vain
blare,
Nor yet 'mid wealth's gay, showy enticements and glare;
Nay, nay. I would not seek for position or pride
Or wealth or power or title for you as a bride.
For what are all these for a soul to live on?
A flame—nay, flash—nay, twinkle—and then they are
gone.
What are all these and travel and palace and dome
Beside the sweet, calm joy of a dear little home?
Nay, not a Croesus, nobleman, nor other than
An earnest, honest, loving—yes, God-fearing man,
To bring you peace, contentment, and happiness, too,
I'd seek if I were choosing a husband for you.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVES.

The old year now ends,
The new one begins;
Man vows swift amends
For last year's sad sins.

But the years pass by
With no seemly token,
And vows e'er so high
Are made to be broken.

A HYMN.

Oh, heavenly source of light and love—
Thou spirit most divine—
Pervade my spirit from above,
And make thine essence mine.

Oh, do I leave stern virtue's path,
Or faith or wisdom lack ?
Ne'er give thou way to grievous wrath—
Do thou, Love, bring me back.

And do I fall or go astray,
I may not ask, "Relent";
Thou, Justice, wilt assume thy sway
Until I may repent.

Thus, God of earth and heaven, reign
In justice as in love,
And banish from the world all pain,
All sin and shame remove.



PART II—INCENSE.

BABY MINE.

Bit of sunshine,
Sky-blue-eyed,
Sent from heaven
To my side,
With us mortals
To abide—
Mamma's darling,
Papa's pride—
Baby mine.

Fairest beauty
Ever spied,
Far surpassing
All beside ;
Take papa's knee
For a ride ;
Here and there and
Yon we glide—
Baby mine.

Bit of sweetness,
Golden hair ;
Baby-like face,
Ah ! so fair ;
No other one
Anywhere,
Howe'er sweet,
Can compare—
Baby mine.

Dimpled darling—
Oh, how rare—
Catching people
Like a snare ;
Tiny object
Of our care,
And none the less
Of our prayer—
Baby mine.

How we love thee
None can tell ;
None can feel but
Hearts that swell
Like unto ours,
And as well
In whose own homes
Babies dwell—
Baby mine.

Could we lose thee ?
Nay, not so !
Shouldst thou leave us
We must go ;
To maturity
Wilt thou grow,
Bearing that love
None can know—
Baby mine.

A BURIED LOVE.

You've told me, love, "Good-bye,"
You have not told me why;

I cannot leave you yet;
But yesterday I hoped to-day
Our wedding day to set.

But yesterday your smile of love
Raised me to heaven above

From out the sordid haunts of men;
Do not to-day send me away;
Nay, love, but smile again.

Those eyes, so deep and blue,
Have read my love for you

No words of mine could tell;
Oh, can it be that ne'er on me
Those eyes in love shall dwell?

Those arms, so soft and white,
Have clasped this neck, love, tight;

Those lips 'gainst mine have oft been pressed;
This heart so true that beats for you
Has felt yours answer at my breast.

Will ne'er those arms by me be felt?
Will ne'er those lips to kisses melt?

Your heart an answer give
To my heart beat? My love! my sweet!
Bid my fond hopes to live.

Nay? Then my hopes are vain,
My life is doomed to pain;

Farewell! if we must part.
The love so rare for you I bear,
I'll bury in my heart.

No stone shall mark its resting place,
No time its scar can e'er efface;
But in its heart-tomb where
No mortal eye aught can descry,
My buried love is there.

AMOROSA CARMINA COLLEGIALIA.

(COLLEGE LOVE SONGS.)

THE PREP.

Lessons are hard,
Dances are few,
Honey is sweet,
So, too, are you.

THE FRESHMAN.

Now let me dream, do let me dream,
Of days so short ago
When you went out to parties there,
And I went, too—your beau!

But now I'm here; I've got a girl;
Yet often long for home,
And when we have vacation, dear,
To your sweet arms I'll come.

THE SOPHOMORE.

There's the sweetest girl in our town
That I have ever seen,
Her eyes are like two diamonds,
Her face fair to be seen.

I long to see her often, now,
And in the night I dream
Of how I've always gazed upon
That brow of purest cream.

And when I'm through at college,
And clasp her form once more,
I'll taste those sweetest roses
In the "kiss behind the door."

THE JUNIOR.

Now when I'm off at college
I am thinking oft of thee;
Say, when you are at the dish pan
Do you ever think of me?"

I am lonely, Julia, darling,
Knowing not what I may do.
You, and you alone, relieve me,
Write and say you're lonely, too.

How the moons are slow in changing,
How the days like ages fly,
But we still can think beforehand
I'll come home by and by.

By and by we'll walk together,
As we've done so oft before;
By and by you, little sweetheart,
Shall be mine forever more.

THE SENIOR

By no vain deception
Of mortal perception,
Which, by the way, is known,
I have reached the conception
Of my joyful reception
When to your arms I've flown.

This joyless extension
Grows into suspension
Making one often great,
This fruitless contention
Of inner attention
Tells me you're sad and lone.

*In this, your condition
Of awful perdition,
Won't you come to my arms?
With subtle transition
To joyful fruition,
We'll live without alarms.*

*When tender ovation
Brings comely flirtation,
Forth Cupid sends his darts ;
A blissful sensation
Of our close relation
Creeps o'er my heart of hearts.*

*By friendly attraction
Of loving reaction
You have a warm place there ;
A longer protraction
In bringing distraction
Will drive me to despair.*

*Is this the direction
Of your sweet selection ?
Nothing you have to fear ;
Just make the election
To take my protection,
You see, I love you, dear.*

ODE TO ZETECALIAN.

A merry rhyme
In shortest time
I write—not for offence—
So do not chime,
With lips sublime,
“Oh, come from off the fence.”

Could I beguile
You for a while,
My heart would swell and break ;
Which, should you smile
In bonny style,
A higher leap would take.

But should you frown
And throw this down ;
Should any such betide,
With no fair crown
My head around,
I'm sure I'd suicide.

Had I the power
For one short hour
To sing a new, sweet tune,
My head would tower
Where starlights flower
And strike against the moon.

But, woe is me !
The fates decree
That I should meditate ;
And thus you see,
So void of glee,
I scratch my empty pate.

There is a gem
For diadem
More priceless far than purest gold—
A rare white gem—
The fit emblem
Of purity from days of old.

This diamond bright,
Though such a sight,
Though crowning jet-black hair,
Oh, never might,
When in your sight,
Seem even passing fair.

The roses sweet
Our vision greet,
Their petals full unfurled ;
With color meet,
With smell replete,
They ravish all the world.

But, oh, the fame
They ne'er can claim—
This tribute is but due—
From them as same,
And very tame,
All eyes are turned on you.

Oh, could my pen,
I wail again,
A worthy tribute bring,
The sons of men
Would ne'er again
Dare to attempt to sing.

My fame would spread,
Ere I was dead,
To Jupiter and Mars;
And when I'd fled
To earthy bed
'Twould reach the farthest stars.

Though giving pain,
The fact is plain
That that is not my place;
I'll never gain
That honored plane,
And so I'll "close my face."

A DREAM.

Had I the power of Jupiter
I'd let no finite hand deter
 Me from service proud or mean
To her so fair—past all compare—
 Whom I fain would make my queen.

I'd bid my vassals linger nigh
By day and night with jealous eye
 And waive all care aside,
That no alarm or earthly harm
 Should e'er my love betide;

And genii, gods, goddesses and all,
Should ever wait upon her beck and call.

Ten thousand thousand fairy hands and feet
Should spend their might by day and night
 To make her every moment calm and sweet.

Her slightest want should be supplied,
No wish of hers should be denied
 That could one joy for her complete ;
From first to last I'd freely cast
 The universe down at her feet.

But yet, alas ! 'twas not my fate
To be assigned so high a state,
 For I am but a man ; nor can
I offer more of worldly store
 Than almost any other man.

I cannot offer gold nor lands,
Nor slaves to wait for her commands,
 But what I can impart—
More priceless far than world or star—
 Is my own manly heart.

A philanthropic mind, a heart—a soul—above
All habits low of speech or deed—a boundless love—
A heart—a soul—a life to her most true—
These things I have to give, my vow for her to live—
My life—my all—and this I hereby do.

A VALENTINE.

Oh, maiden fair, in whose sweet sight
All other things are commonplace,
And dainty nymphs e'en take their flight
With one glance at thy matchless face ;

Earth's grandest, greatest joy to me would be
To steal from thy pure lips a kiss.
While sipping nectar such as this, to me
Would be eternal, boundless bliss.

PART III—NONSENSE.

ETHEL MAY.

'Tain't every feller that you see
Has got as pert a sis as me,
Fer Sue's as smart as she can be.
She's ben to college quite a spell,
An' shows up there 'mongst 'em right well.
Fer readin' Latin, Greek an' such,
An' talkin' Spanish, French an' Dutch,
She simply can't be beat, I'll swear;
An' as fer that pianner there,
You'd think, to hear the old thing tear
'Twould get right up an' rip an' rare,
An' she a-sittin' calmly there
As if she didn't never care
What her fingers did, nor where they went,
An' they a-goin' lickety blinkin' bent
Till the old pianner everythin' but splits
An' she gives a couple partin' bangs an' quits.

Oh, she's the sweetest girl in town,
Or in the country all aroun';
An' when we go to church, well, well,
If I don't cut the biggest swell;
I never look at country people,
Bnt keep a-gazin' at the steeple—
'N'at Sal Jones, the gal I used ter spark
An' hug an' kiss of evenin's arter dark
Till Tom White cut me out—I stick
My nose up mighty high an' quick
When she looks 'round, an' gaze at space
As if I'd never seed her face;
An' while the preacher talks about our sins
All I think of is, "Sue an me's twins."

O' course Sue's got a chum away
At school ; her name is Ethel May ;
She's comin' out to visit here—
'Cuz Sue went home with her last year—
An' stay at least three weeks ;
An' now she up an' speaks
An' says she'll come this afternoon—
I didn't 'spect her quite so soon.
I'll skin to Miller's in a hurry
An' borry their spick span new surrey,
An' bring our racin' colts aroun',
An' show Miss Ethel—an' the town—
That when I'm slicked up in my best
I hold my head up with the rest.
I'll talk off to her kind o' bluff
An' make her think I'm just the stuff.
Sue says she's she's awful smart,
But course she'd take her part.
I'll notice her enough to show
Fer love of Sue, I'll gladly go
Her friends and schoolmates, too ;
But, course, they're not "in it" with Sue.
In every place, by day or night,
Sue an' me's jest "out of sight."

* * * *

It's gettin' 'long the time o' day
Fer me to go an' meet Miss May.
I guess I'll ride awhile about
An' when the train's a-pullin' out
I'll drive along up to the landin',
Close by the spot where she'll be standin',
An' give the rig a little turn
As if I didn't give a durn
Fer what she said er done, an' say,
"I s'pose that this is Ethel May ;

I can't get out there, I'll be beat,
But jump right in the hinder seat.
These colts is feelin' good ter-day,
An' when they get a little gay
It's all a feller wants ter do
To tend ter them. My sister Sue
Didn't hev no time to come to town,
An' so I thought I'd drive aroun';"
An then I'll give her lots of guff,
An' fill her up with piles of stuff
About the town an' everythin'
We see along until we bring
Up home. I'll fool her, I'll allow.
Gosh! there's her train a-comin' now.
Whoa, Bill! whoa, Bess! Steady there!
Don't you go to rip an' rare!
I wonder if that's her a-talkin'
With the agent? Now she's walkin'
Right down this way. What was it I
Was goin' to say to her? My! my!
I can't think o' nuthin'. "Yep, I'm Jim.
Sue's to home." I never felt so slim!
An' there, she's clim right in with me;
Should think she'd have nuff sense to see
The hinder seat is just her place.
But, now, I'll look once at her face—
Red hair; golly! reddish, sandy skin—
Pretty, is she? That's too gol durned thin!
There, she saw me lookin'! Get up, there,
Bill an' Bess! Gee whiz! Get up! I swear!
Can't you move along? I wonder
What time it is? Two-ten? Thunder!
What is it makes my head itch so?
I never saw this team so slow.
What time did I say it was? Oh, yes,
Can't remember anything, I guess.

Well, here we are home. Ain't I glad !
An', still, it makes me awful mad
That she's ben talkin' all the way
'N'I couldn't think of "nit" to say.
Well, what's the "diff ?" Here goes to do
The chores, an' pickin' cherries, too.

* * * * *

Three weeks gone by—it doesn't seem
Three days. I didn't never dream
How fast time flew, nor that I'd give a cent
How long she stayed with us or when she went.
But now she's really gone. Well, I'll be beat!
She isn't pretty, but she's awful sweet.
An', pop, he says—the slickest thing of all—
As I can go to college in the fall.

* * * * *

Three short years have passed away—
Doesn't seem more than a day—
Since I entered college, and yet, really, now,
I'm a Senior. It is grateful, I'll allow,
And passing pleasant just to know
How changed I am from that ago.
Sue says Miss May is coming soon—
Now, really, 'tis this afternoon.
I'll get a rig and man, and dress
To kill, and slightly make her guess
That I'm a dude. I'll curl my beard
And get my monocle all geared
To eighty-eight ; sling on more dog than
All others with coachman, footman
And everything beside to take
Her 'round, and home, and make
Her feel surprised. Right now it's time
To go prepare for eyes sublime.

* * * * *

"Awnd this is shuah Miss May ? Aw, me !
Baw Jowve ! Ahm awful glad to see
Yuh ! Jawn, help the lady in.
Gad ! thwee twooly yeahs it's been
Since you wuh heah, and you aw not
Changed by a single, tiny dot.
Sue'll be awful glad to know

That you've come, awnd you cawnot go
Befaw a month. Now, Jawn, don't dwive
So vewy fast, me mon alive."

Now, I'm running a great bluff ;
She don't like that kind of stuff ;
But, seeing that I have begun,
I'm bound to have a mint of fun.
Home so soon ? How time does glide
When you're sitting side by side
With her in whom you take most pride ;
How short does seem each carriage ride.
And I've been talking all the way homeward,
While she's been silent, thinking very hard.
I've met a few girls in my day,
But never other half so gay.

* * * * *

Two weeks have gone, but all too fast,
Another visit almost past.

"Gowing home to-mowwow? Now, Miss May,
Aw, you weally shuah you cawnot stay
The month out ? Well, if we must pawt,
I want to say befaw you stawt
That I'm no fool, and hence no dude,
Although for fun, you see, I've stood
The role two weeks ; so here goes my
Monocle from out my eye,
This stiff sky-scraper off my throat—
I can't say I did ever dote

On them. But now I want to say,
Just for your ears, sweet Ethel May,
In my big, loving eyes you're worth
The most of any girl on earth;
So say the word, and I will come,
When through at school to bring you home.
'Tis said! One kiss! Yes—two! three! four!
And yet, so sweet, a dozen more!
There, there, you smile—the deed is done—
In one short year we two'll be one.

ODE TO LINDEN.

Through Linden, when the sun was low,
I passed, a year and more ago;
And there—oh, heart; why flutter so?
 I met a charming maiden.

Summer went and autumn came;
At A——, in teacher's meeting tame,
Once more, with joy, I met the same
 Bewitching, laughing maiden.

Another summer came our way,
When once upon a sorry day,
I met a man whose homestead lay
 In Linden near that maiden.

I said I knew a maiden there—
A maiden sweet—a maiden rare,
That day, I learned to my despair,
 A man would wed that maiden.

Oh, fatal day whene'er we met!
O, day how much more fatal yet
That made her someone else's pet,
 That self same naughty maiden.

O, Linden, girt with many hills!
O, Linden, free from business ills!
O, Linden, full of tucks and frills!
 The home of charming maidens.

But Linden, sorrow not for me,
For my bold happy heart you see
Is from snares and meshes free,
 Of all designing maidens.

Yes, gone are all those aching pains,
And now I search where Cupid reigns,
And seek for Beauty, Wealth and Brains,
 In one adored, sweet maiden.

“IN IT.”

The rich man stood in his parlor door—
A thing he'd often done before—
And spurned the agents of the poor.

He wasn't “in it,”

They asked him to give of his great wealth
To those who had neither gold nor health.
“They'd a-had it if they'd sense to win it.”

And he wasn't “in it.”

Past the hospital door on a cold winter's day
Went a hearse in which a rich coffin lay,
Whose draping had taken weeks to spin it.

He was “in it.”

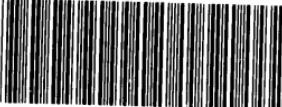
A soul had knocked at heaven's gate;
St. Peter sternly said to wait
While he looked in his record book—it took
but a minute,
For he was “in it.”

Quoth St. Peter, “You've made a great sell,
For you've bought a ticket straight to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute.

He was “IN IT.”



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